

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 397.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 7.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Remembrance.

1837.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. GRUEN.

O maiden, lying buried near me,
Half woman and yet half a child!
Time was, a look of thine could cheer me,
Like a spring landscape, soft and mild.

Once, like a mountain streamlet singing,
Gushed thy sweet voice upon the ear,
Diamonds and rainbows round thee flinging,
And yet so calm and pure and clear!

So harmlessly and yet so slyly
Thy looks, like little roses, would peer;
Then back, like little roes, dart shyly,
If a strange step were lurking near.

Within thee played the wealth of feeling,
Like a young harvest waving there;
Already many a germ concealing
Of future bloom and kernel fair.

Around thy lovely cheeks the blushes
Of maiden innocence would play,
As morning's red the flower-beds flushes,
And promises a sunny day.

And when thy joyous laugh was ringing,
I seemed to hear upon the wing
The home-bound birds of passage singing
The beauties of the Southern spring.

And when thy words of love were stealing
Upon thy aged father's ear,
I seemed a low melodious pealing
Of pleasant Sabbath bells to hear.

And when I think of thee, a tender
Spring landscape still before me lies,
On which the ruddy evening splendor
In farewell greeting softly dies.

Above it evening bells are pealing,
That tell of starry nights at hand;
Across it golden swans are sailing
That seek a distant Southern land.

C. T. B.

Translated for this Journal.

The Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts (1840-1841), Reviewed by Robert Schumann.

(Continued.)

THIRTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CONCERTS.

The thirteenth and three following concerts brought us only works of German composers, and indeed of our greatest: BACH, HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART and BEETHOVEN. Bach and Handel filled one evening, the others one each. That the selection was judicious, that each one of the masters was represented by significant compositions, will be readily believed, where the selection was made by a master who, like MENDELSSOHN, knows their works through and through,—better perhaps than any of his contemporaries—and who would probably be able to write down in full score from memory all that was performed in those four evenings.

Of course, any criticism, any praise or censure of the compositions, is quite out of the ques-

tion; but it may be of interest to many a friend of Art abroad, to know what pieces were selected, and with what taste the concerts were arranged.

The BACH and HANDEL concert gave us, in the first part:

The Chromatic Fantasia, played by Mendelssohn.

Motet, for double choir: "*Ich lasse dich nicht.*"

Chaconne, for violin solo, played by F. David.

Crucifixus, Resurrexit and Sanctus, from the great Mass in B minor.

All by Bach, and almost too much of what is glorious. The deepest impression was made perhaps by the *Crucifixus*; but that is a piece such as can only be compared with other works of Bach; one before which all masters of all times must bow in reverence. The Motet: *Ich lasse dich nicht* is better known; but never had it been so perfectly performed here, as not to seem quite another thing in the freshness and clearness of the present rendering. The solo pieces called out fiery plaudits for the players; which fact we take for proof that it is still possible to excite enthusiasm in a concert hall with works of Bach. But the way MENDELSSOHN plays Bach's compositions, is something one must hear. DAVID played the *Chaconne* in a style no less masterly, and with the fine accompaniment of Mendelssohn, of which we have remarked before now.

The second part of the concert was filled by HANDEL. If it could have been quite as well, we should have preferred to hear him *before* Bach. After Bach he makes a less deep impression. The pieces selected were:

Overture to the "Messiah."

Recitative and Air, from the same, sung by Frl. Schloss.

Theme with variations, for Piano, played by Mendelssohn.

Four Double Choruses from "Israel in Egypt."

The third piece among these was new, and under Mendelssohn's hands it had a charmingly naive effect. In the choruses, as well as in those by Bach, and also in those of the three preceding concerts, a considerable number of amateurs co-operated, which deserves grateful mention.

The Concert of the 28th of January was devoted to HAYDN. Great as was the variety contained in the programme, the evening must have wearied many a listener: and naturally enough, for Haydn's music has always been a great deal played here; one can learn nothing from him; he is like a familiar old friend of the family, who of course is always welcomed with respect: but he has no longer any deeper interest for the present time. The pieces performed were:

Introduction, Recitative, Air and Chorus from the "Creation;" the solo sung by Frl. Schloss.

Quartet ("God save the Emperor Franz") for string instruments, played by Herren David, Klengel, Schulz and Wittmann.

Motet: "*Du bist's, dem Ruhm und Ehre gebühret.*"

Symphony in B flat major.

The Hunt, and Vintage, from the "Seasons."

How all hearts still adhere to MOZART, the following concert gave proof. Orchestra and solo players, too, shone in their highest splendor; it was a concert, at which we could have wished all Germany to be present, to join in the jubilee which its great master prompted on that evening. Does it not seem as if Mozart's works became ever fresher, the more one hears them! Some of his songs, too, had been looked up for this occasion; they were still fragrant as young violets. In lieu of all description, let the choice and beautiful programme follow here:

Overture to *Titus*.

Recitative and Aria, with Violin obligato, performed by Frl. Schloss and Herr David.

Concerto in D minor, for Pianoforte, played by F. Mendelssohn.

Two Songs, sung by Frl. Schloss.

Symphony in C major ("Jupiter.")

But one of the richest musical evenings, such as are seldom to be heard perhaps in the world, was that of Feb. 11, which gave us nothing but music of BEETHOVEN. The hall, too, seemed to us more brilliantly filled than ever; the orchestra, packed full of singers and of players, with their hearts in their work, presented a beautiful sight. Among the guests was soon discovered that genial artist, who seems to have sat to Beethoven himself for one of his greatest creations, his Fidelio: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, whom chance had led to Leipzig just at the happy time. And so there were noble artist natures enough met together, to represent Beethoven in the worthiest manner. Nor must the young Russian, GULOMY, go unmentioned, who, as yet but little known, won well merited consideration by his playing of the Violin Concerto in D major. The concert gave us:

The Overture to *Leonora*, in C major.
Kyrie and *Gloria*, from the Mass in C, op. 86.
The Violin Concerto, in D.
Song: "Adelaide."
Ninth (Choral) Symphony.

The Overture was encored and repeated. We wondered at this, since there was still so much for the orchestra to do. The *Kyrie* and *Gloria* were somewhat weakened after two hearings of that gigantic piece. We have already mentioned the name of the player of the violin piece. The composition is one of Beethoven's finest, and must be placed, so far as invention is concerned, in the same rank with his earlier symphonies. In the playing of the virtuoso there was much which we could have wished more tender, more singing, and more German; in the fiery passages it left nothing to be desired. The *Cadenzas*, which he interwove, were not by Beethoven, as any one could see soon enough. For the rendering of *Adelaide*—whom could one have wished so much, as her who sang it: Madame SCHROEDER-DEVRIENT, who readily presented herself at Mendelssohn's request. The public were transported with a sort of intoxication when she stepped forward; and though an artist may have got habituated to ever so great triumphs,

she must have felt and doubtless did feel rejoiced at such a response as this.

We had still the Ninth Symphony before us. It seems as if people were at last beginning to see that in it the great man has given us his greatest. I do not remember any time before when it was received with such fiery enthusiasm. By this expression, we would praise much less the work than the public; the work stands above all praise; so often has this been affirmed already in our pages, that we have nothing more to say about it. The execution was altogether excellent and full of life. In the Scherzo we heard one tone, whose significance Mendelssohn's glance had seized most sharply, and which we never before had heard come out with so much meaning; the single *d* of a bass trombone makes there an astonishing effect, and gives a wholly new life to the passage. (Compare score, page 66, 3d measure, and page 74, 8th measure.

(To be continued.)

The Autumn Opera Season in Paris.

(From the London Athenæum.)

In redemption of the promise lately made to offer some notice of the operas talked of and lately produced in Paris, we begin without preamble at the *Opéra Comique*.

There some activity is obvious, both in the form of new appearances and new works.—Our neighbors have accepted their "Midsummer Night's Dream," the tale showing how *Queen Elizabeth* displayed her love, in a tavern, to *Shakespeare*, when the playwright was drunk—with subsequent adventures no less probable—from MM. Leuven and Rosier, and with the music of M. Thomas. That marvellous opera ran its hundred nights ere it was laid by. It has just been carefully revived, to introduce a new *prima donna*, Mdlle. Monrose. Another artist from the school of M. Duprez—of a stage family, and thus, it may be said, born to the theatre. Mdlle. Monrose has a good *soprano* voice, least good in those topmost notes which all *soprani* will insert when and wherever they can, in spite of the terrors of the modern pitch. Her execution is generally firm—her appearance is pleasing. There is nothing at present to fascinate in Mdlle. Monrose; but everything to promise another of those firm, intelligent, available singers who are only to be found in Paris. Her right place may ultimately prove the *Grand Opéra*.—M. Montaubry, the tenor, has improved, having grown more of a singer and less of an imitator of M. Chollot than he was. M. Warot, an accessory tenor, sings his *romance* with such an agreeable voice and good taste, as to prove himself a charming artist of the second class.—The first autumnal novelty, "La Pagode," has a poor libretto, by M. St. Georges, built on the hackneyed story of an European officer who falls in love with one whom he thinks a Brahmin priestess. This has been set to music as essay-piece by a young composer, of whom it will suffice to say, that he seems to have attempted little, and perfectly to have fulfilled his attempt. The new ladies who appeared in "La Pagode" are unusually poor, their place of exhibition considered.

The *Théâtre Lyrique* has duly opened for the season, and the promises of its manager, as stated in the papers, for the coming campaign, are a new opera by M. Semet for Madame Ugalde, Gluck's "Orphée," with Madame Viardot; further, three-act operas by MM. Maillart, Poise, Rey, Gounod and Clapisson. When a list is so liberal, it is safe to read "or" instead of "also," even in the case of a management so indefatigable as that of M. Carvalho.—His theatre deserves honorable support, were it only for its revivals.—For the first time in our musical memory has Mozart's "Enlèvement" been well represented. As it stands originally, the opera of "Die Entführung," written for exceptional persons, is beyond the capacity of any ordinary troupe of singers,—its beauty impaired by tediousness—and its story prolix and silly. The French librettists who have touched the book have not made it wise. They have been compelled to bring about a sudden solution of a difficulty added by them to make it interesting; but the drama now moves, and may now be accepted among *buffo* operas.—That which has been done by the music is judicious. The position of one or two pieces has been changed: some few redundancies have been taken away,—one of the tremendous *soprano bravuras* has been transferred from the part of *Constance* to that of

Blondine,—the local color has been enhanced by the melo-dramatic repetition of Mozart's Turkish music, to support the stage business. Then, by way of *entr'acte* to the second act, Mozart's "Rondo alla Turca" has been scored, and so irresistibly, by M. Gounod, as to get its nightly *encore*. The purists have been thrown into great wrath on the occasion, forgetting that Mozart set the example, by scoring one of Handel's *Musettes*, to occupy an analogous situation in "Acis." Wrath or no wrath, the fact remains unaltered that Mozart's comic masterpiece has been successfully restored to the stage under conditions different from those of unauthorized tampering, such as we have seen (to our shame) in London; and such as were the rule in France with regard to foreign operas, when men like M. Castil Blaze undertook to pull to pieces, to eke and to amend them. The performance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* is very good. The action now mainly lies on Madame Ugalde, (*Blondine*), who sings the murderous *bravuras* referred to with great firmness, shirking neither *roulade* nor *altissimo* note, and who acts with due assurance and vivacity—and on M. Battaille, who is *Ossin*. This gentleman is about the most accomplished stage *basso* we recollect. His voice, never very sonorous, may have lost some power, but it is still perfectly under control within its extensive register,—even—flexible, and at the service of musical skill. Whatever passage can be written for such a voice, whether the same be grave or gay, M. Battaille can present like a real artist. His *Ossin*, too, in its dry stupidity, veined by suspicion and jealous ferocity, is a piece of acting which may rank with the best of such men as Lablache and Signor Ronconi. The other parts in the "Enlèvement" are fairly filled, and the opera, as it stands, should, we repeat, and we fancy will, keep the stage.—Mdlle. Sax, a new *soprano*, having a voice more powerful than is common in France, made, the other evening, a good first appearance at the *Théâtre Lyrique* as the *Countess* in "Figaro," which masterpiece goes very well in its French dress,—the concerted music and stage business with greater neatness and animation in union than are attainable out of France.—The next revival will be that of "Orphée," the superintendence of which, we are glad to learn, has been confided to M. Berlioz. Owing to the large number of impurities in the copies, and of variations in the French and Italian versions of the opera, the task is one requiring no common patience, sagacity and knowledge of the master. Meanwhile, production has not stood still at the *Théâtre Lyrique*.—Two good subjects, the rise and fall of Lull, and our English national hymn, (here attributed to the Italian *marinon*, of course, in utter defiance of Mr. Chappell.) have been thrown away in "Le Violon du Roi," a three-act comic opera, the first of M. Carvalho's novelties. The composer is Mr. Delfès, who never gets beyond prettiness, and as seldom shows any of the skill of a trained artist. One or two of his melodies, the slightest of the slight, are good-humored, without being vulgar. The book is equally flimsy, and had not execution been good, "Le Violon" might be described in the same words as "La Pagode." There is no novelty in such productions, save the names of their writers, compared with whom such forgotten melodists and musicians as Philidor, Monsigny, Delavrac and Della Maria, would be novelties indeed.—The city of Paris has claimed the *Théâtre Lyrique* with a view of driving some new street through the corner of the Boulevard where it stands. A new theatre in its stead, is, we understand, to be built in the Place du Chatelet.

Last on the list—how changed since the days when it took the lead!—comes the *Grand Opéra*. The earnestness with which the supporters of this state establishment dwell on the "improbable height," the luxurious "developments," and the few deep notes of Mdlle. Vestvali, is melancholy. It was only yesterday that the same sworn praisers were declaring that Madame Borghi-Mamo was indispensable to the theatre. Bellini's weak and sickly opera could not keep the French musical stage, even if its *Juliet* and *Tybalt* were the graceful singers that Madame and M. Gueymard are not.—In his *feuilleton* on "I Montecchi," M. Berlioz contributes a word *memoranda* on Shakespeare operas by commending in detail Steibelt's music to the tragedy, spoiled though the tale was, for Steibelt, by some incompetent librettist. We are inclined to trust this commendation: having long felt that Steibelt, as a composer, has been too indiscriminately underrated. He was a melodist, besides a fancier of finger-wonders, as the tune to which Keats wrote the song—

Hush! hush! tread softly,

and the well known "Storm" *Rondo* may remind those who care to seek no further. He was more than a melodist in some of his duet *Sonatas*, there showing no common expression and passion, which latter rose every now and then to grandeur—often in-

tolerably prolix, it is true—sometimes needlessly mechanical—but generally starting from some clear and characteristic idea. Such a composer ought not to be so entirely laid on the shelf, as seems, for the moment, Steibelt's case.—To return from a good composer to a bad singer: the opera of Bellini and its *Roméo* are found failures by the public. The lady seems unequal to the French repertory adapted to a low female voice; and there is talk of fitting her with new parts; such as *Jeanne de la Hachette*. A resetting of the story of Dido is also among the rumors. Ere another feat can be accomplished, some newer *caudatrice* may be found, more improbably tall, otherwise more attractive, and even less of a singer, and the plan accordingly be laid by. Meanwhile the theatre is falling back (falling to pieces one might justifiably say) on the Italian repertory. "Semiramide," patched up with dances by M. Caraffa, is to be prepared for the introduction of the sisters Marchisio. M. Gounod has been commissioned to produce a new work at the *Grand Opéra*, on a subject no less ambitious than "The Deluge." If the tale be true, the choice of subject, we cannot but think, is a mistaken one.—The wonderful tenor who is always to come has not yet come; but M. Michot has been summoned by State-edict to leave the *Théâtre Lyrique* and try his fortune in the *Rue Lepelletier*; and it is said, seriously, that M. Roger has the painful intention of re-appearing on the stage with a false arm—having for that reason declined two official appointments which have been offered him since his accident. Then, besides a wonderful tenor, there is always a wonderful woman to come. This year the *bulbul* that is to be is no noble lady—nor has she a hump on her back, but she is an escaped Odalisque—Sersefras Hanum, by name—who has escaped from the gilded grate and the *arabesque*—so strong has been her passion for the Christian musical stage, and so incomparable is her voice.—Meanwhile, the swoop on the land facing the end of the *Rue de la Poix*, which is to open a wide street up to the Norman Railroad, and to imply other of those wholesale changes so numerous in Paris during the Second Empire, is to give the city a new grand opera house, it is said. The work of demolition has, at all events, commenced, and with it the filling up of the *Rue Basse des Remparts*, the existence of which, as we pointed out some time since, is next to incompatible with a theatre requiring liberal means of access and exit.

Wagner's Tristan and Isolde.

(Continued from page 251.)

The third act shows us the garden of Tristan's castle. The sea is visible over the wall. "A plaintive pastoral tune is heard on a shepherd's pipe."

Tristan is lying, as if without life, on a couch. His faithful Kurwenal—who, by the way, is the only characteristically treated figure in the whole drama—has conveyed him to the place, and now stands behind him. He has, also, despatched a trusty sailor "to the only physician—ess that is of any good." Tristan awakes. His honest companion does all he can to make Tristan recognize his home, but Tristan's thoughts are roaming in other regions. "I was where I always have been, whither I go for ever—where only one knowing is ours: divine-eternal, ever-forgotten!" The poor "day," of course, comes second best off again. Kurwenal announces to the enthusiastic dreamer that he has sent for Isolde. This rouses him up, but, as the shepherd boy still continues playing upon his pipe the mournful strain—as a sign that no bark is visible—Tristan relapses into his melancholy fit, and what is more, faints. But he recovers: a merry strain is heard, "The ship! the ship!" He is unable to contain himself. Isolde approaches. Even while behind the scenes she exclaims: "Tristan! beloved!" He springs up: "How do I hear the light!" (!) rushes into her arms, and sinks, lifeless, at her feet.

This scene takes up in the book twenty-three pages, the rest extending over eleven more. It will, we should say, be a rather tough job for the singer, since Tristan is not, like Tannhäuser, in the last act, shattered merely internally, but bodily wounded to the death. The narrative, too, in *Tannhäuser*, possesses more variety and interest than the dreamy, mystical expression of one and the same sentiment, although Wagner has, with a certain amount of skill, endeavored to relieve the monotony by the sounds of the shepherd's song, and, also, by making Kurwenal observe and describe, from the watch-tower, the course of the vessel, and the danger it runs from the rocks that line the shore.

Isolde's grief bursts forth; the mode in which it is expressed is pervaded by a strain of real feeling and true poetry. She falls, in a fainting state, upon the corpse.

*"Wo ein Wissen uns elgen: göttliches Ur-Vergessen!"

"Tumult and clashing of weapons heard from the shore below." King Marke, having landed, forces his way up. Behind the scenes, the voices of Brangäne and Melot. Kurwenal, placing himself at the castle-gate (at the back), cuts down Melot, and rushes on Marke and the armed men. He is wounded, and dies by the side of Tristan's corpse. Brangäne, who "has swung herself sideways over the wall" (!) busies herself with Isolde. She brings her to her senses, and informs her that she has confessed to the King "the secret of the drink," and that he has come to renounce her and give her in marriage to Tristan! The good Marke, also, speaks a few words, which commence with his favorite mode of address: "Why, Isolde, why this to me?" In conformity with Wagner's dramaturgical code, he resigns himself to a miracle, to magic, but it is too late. Isolde listens to all that is said, without taking any interest in it, and breathes out her soul in a state of enthusiastic *clairvoyance*, which concludes as follows:

"In the joy-sea's
Surging swell,
In the fragrance-billows'
Resounding tone,
In the world-breath's
Waving all—
To drown—
To sink—
Unconscious—
Supreme bliss!"

"She sinks, as though transfigured, upon Tristan's corpse. Great emotion and *transport* among the bystanders; Marke blesses the bodies. The curtain falls slowly."

(To be continued.)

Over the Hills.

The old hound wags his shaggy tail,
And I know what he would say:

It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

There's nought for us here save to count the clock,
And hang the head all day:

But over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Here among men we're like the deer
That yonder is our prey:

So, over the heather we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The hypocrite is master here,
But he's the cock of clay:

So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The women, they shall sigh and smile,
And madden whom they may:

It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Let silly lads in couples run
To pleasure, a wicked fay:

'Tis ours on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The torrent glints under the rowan red,
And shakes the bracken spray:

What joy on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The sun bursts broad, and the heathery bed
Is purple and orange and gray:

Away, and away, we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

—Once a Week.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

A New Style of Operatic Criticism.

(From the Saturday Press, New York.)

Two sensations:

1. *Maria di Rohan*: Gazzaniga, Stigelli, Ferri, Mme. Strakosch.

2. *La Favorita*: Gazzaniga, BEAUCARDE, Amodio, Junca.

Maria di Rohan is not very frequently done here, and it is not generally well treated when it is done.

The story is pretty good, though hardly the thing for the domestic fireside of a New Connection Methodist family.

Probably everybody knows all about Maria. She was a very well bred person, with a weakness for flirtation.

That was in the time of Louis something (not Del monico's) or the Regency, I forget which.

In such matters, one can't be particular about dates,—the number of women of Maria's order having been very large, in France and elsewhere, at all known periods.

I am told that there are several in New York, now.

They are good things to make plays and operas of.

In point of fact, I don't know what the composers and dramatic authors would do without them.

In this opera, Maria gets into a great deal of trouble through her flirtations, first with the contralto, a sort of Page of the last century, and then with the tenor, the *Count de Chalais*, a man about town, and not a proper person to ask to dinner, if there are grown-up young ladies in the family. The baritone, the *Duke de Chereuse*, who has a proprietary right over Maria, don't see all this in an agreeable light; and after a terrific row, and several fights and propositions to fight, he (the baritone) takes the tenor into a little closet on the left hand side of the stage, and then and there, with a deadly weapon—to wit, a pistol, charged with powder and a leaden bullet—does him to death. Returning, the triumphant baritone strikes an attitude in the centre, and the unfortunate Maria flops down in one corner, like a discarded bath towel.

As I said, it is a very pretty story.

The music is considered as among the finest that Donizetti has written,—passionate, powerful, sensuous,—it belongs to the thorough Italian school, which I believe no one except Donizetti, Verdi, and Mercadante ever expressed.

It is unfortunate for us, however, that the artists will take liberties with the score of *Maria di Rohan*, cutting and slashing it as furiously as if it were a *Ledger* drama, or a five-act tragedy by "a distinguished American author." Stigelli, the tenor, had very hard work with his rôle, and sung what he could manage of it, as if he was in great pain. He may truly be called a painstaking artist. [That expression is original with the critic of the *Spirit*.] Gazzaniga got herself up very well for Maria, and looked like the fascinating feminine whom she intended to represent. She sang the Cavatina of the first act,—a favorite concert-piece with her—admirably; and although overshadowed, not to say bullied by the baritone, was still very fine in the last act.

Ferri won the honors of the night, as Badiali did before him, and as every decent baritone always will in this opera. People always like to see the tenor pitched into when it is done strong, and Ferri is absolutely ferruginous. I am very fond of this baritone's style of singing; his mezzo-voice is the best I have ever heard, and his execution remarkably fine. He nearly set an enthusiastic foreign friend of mine crazy, and created a real furore.

Mme. Strakosch looks too prim, proper, and matronly en garçon, and was not equal to the musical requirements of the rôle of di Gondli. Who can ever forget the slashing way in which Vestrali acted it? She suggested rope ladders, assignations, duels, and billet doux in every movement.

That'll do for *Maria*.

Now about *Beaucarde*.

I think young Coupon expressed the opinion of the audience that assisted at the *Favorita* on Wednesday.

Young Coupon's Governor is cashier, or something, in a bank, and the juvenile looks at everything from a Wall-street point of view.

So he said to me: "I say, do you know what I think?"

Never having suspected him of any exercise of his mental faculties, if he has any, I, of course, replied in the negative:

"Well, I'll tell you: Brignoli's stock goes up ten per cent. every time they take and trot out a new tenor. I'd like five shares in it now."

Now I don't intend to compare Brignoli and Beaucarde together. But the comparison is irresistibly forced upon a public which has become accustomed to the first-named artist in a rôle, the music of which is admirably suited to his powers. So this public says Beaucarde may have been a great singer; he certainly sings well now; he is a fair actor, though not young enough nor handsome enough for the *Leonora*s to go crazy about; but he has evidently, in some inspired (!) moment, sung himself out of voice.

Like all the artists, Beaucarde has been a warm political partisan in Italy. In '48 he was a most ardent Republican—one of the reddest of the red. A friend, who was at Florence during that exciting period, tells us that Beaucarde went, personally, day after day, among the insurgents, singing the songs of Liberty, and teaching them to the young men. At night he would go to the theatre, and sing in the opera. The next day would find him again in the ranks. His voice was then in its prime, but he has absolutely almost worn it out.

Such an artist as Beaucarde really is, even now, cannot fail with our public. This is quite as certain

as Coupon's idea, that Brignoli will not be supplanted. It is a good idea, also, to have an artist like Beaucarde, to keep Brignoli up to his work.

Gazzaniga's *Leonora* is truly a great performance.

In the last act, she gives you a sensation equal to the shock of a galvanic battery. There are occasional flashes in Gazzaniga's acting which are worthy of Ristori.

The Matinees are coming up again—the manager having pledged his word that the programmes shall be given as announced, without mutilation.

They used to cut an act here and there, to oblige some artist who was hungry and wanted his macaroni at half-past three.

The public, crinoline, said it was a shame, and kept its dollar for maroons glared.

Now the public is mollified. So every one will go to-day, when the programme is immense. There is a good deal of good Italian opera, and the Draytons in *Don't Judge by Appearances*—very appropriate motto for the Academy, just now.

A New Pair of Singers.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

THE MISSES NATALI, whose musical talents were much admired here a year or two ago, were heard on Saturday afternoon for the first time since their return from their brilliant and successful artistic tour in the West Indies and South America. The occasion was a private performance in the Academy of Music, before a number of the stockholders and their friends. Rarely have artists sung under greater disadvantages. The only accompaniment was a piano, which, in such a house, is almost nothing. The auditorium was not lighted, so that the singers sang into an almost profound darkness, having nothing to excite or inspire them. Besides this, they were to give operatic scenes, and had to imagine the presence of other characters to sing to and act with. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, they achieved a remarkable success.

The younger of the ladies, Miss Agnes Natali, the soprano, appeared first as *Norma*, and sang the entire opening scene, the address to the Druids, the *Casta Diva* and the *A bello a meritorna*. A more difficult test piece a debutante could not have undertaken; for all the great singers that have visited this country have been heard in it. But Miss Agnes did not suffer by comparison. There was a little nervousness and at first an undue trembling of the voice. But in every phrase there was fine intelligence, and every gesture and movement in the opening recitative showed true comprehension of the scene. *Casta Diva*, and the succeeding *A bello*, were admirably sung, the young artist's voice filling the vast house as well as it has been filled by more mature singers: while her execution and her acting surprised all who have been accustomed to regard her simply as a concert singer. She was loudly applauded at the close. The duo, *Deh con te*, was then sung with fine effect, Miss Fanny Natali taking the part of *Adalgisa*, and singing it admirably, although her voice (a contralto of extensive range) is heard to more advantage in other parts.

The next representation was a scene from *Il Trovatore*, beginning with *Stride la rampa* followed by *Condotta ellero in coppi*, in which Miss Fanny's voice was heard to very great advantage, and in which she showed dramatic talent of a high order. The closing part of this remarkable scene has never been presented here with better effect, notwithstanding the deficiencies of scene and surroundings, and there were certain points towards the conclusion that were decidedly original and very effective. After this admirable performance, the grand duo between Duke Alfonso and Lucrezia Borgia was given Miss Agnes Natali personating *Lucrezia* and Signor Rocco, in ordinary street dress, filling the part of the Duke. Here, too, Miss Agnes sang admirably, and again proved that she possessed all the elements of a fine tragic actress, who only needs opportunities to attain to the first rank. After this Miss Fanny Natali appeared as *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and went through the *Rataplan* scene, with Rocco, with a great deal of spirit, her singing being excellent and her acting full of vivacity and intelligence. This closed the performance, which gave great delight to the small but very critical audience present. Signor Rocco, although not in stage costume, sang, whenever it was required, in his usual excellent manner, and assisted materially in the performance of the Misses Natali.

These well taught, intelligent and most deserving young artists, of whom Philadelphia has reason to be proud, expect to appear shortly before the public at the Academy, with a tenor barytone and basso to assist them in representing some of the works of the best modern composers. We doubt not that the Philadelphia public, which is so generous and just to

true merit, will give them such a reception as they deserve.

Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers" at the New York Academy of Music.

(From the New York Tribune, Nov. 8.)

Italian composers go through a certain *régime*, if they have stuff enough in them to survive the criticism of an Italian pit, which is terrible when adverse. They come to Paris. Gluck and Meyerbeer being originally Italians so far as their music is concerned—equally with Rossini and Verdi—advanced to Paris to adapt themselves to French prosody and French taste—which is harder poetically and deeper orchestrally than the Italian—and formerly was less florid as regards the vocalization. Verdi having succeeded with three or four Italian Operas, received the honor of a command to compose this work for the Academy at Paris. In it, of course, there is a marked contrast to Italian music. Apart from the metres, which determine the shape of the melodies, the orchestration is more highly varied or colored, and the whole more learned than his Italian Operas. We do not find "The Vespers," in one sense, a better work than his "Ernani"—in melody it is not so fresh—in working-up much superior.

The overture is a good instrumental piece. Rossini, however, has not found a rival yet for the incomparable *dan* which pervades his overtures; but this side of him, the overture is a well-expressed and interesting production. It was well led by Signor Muzio, and well played by the orchestra.

The curtain rose upon a scene representing a public square in Palermo. A vigorous dramatic chorus—the French and Sicilian oppositions appearing in it—the one swaggering, the other repressed—is the first piece of music.

This is followed by an elegant aria, nicely sung by Mad. Colson—adroitly instrumental, in which the modern high-violin passages figure. Then comes a bass air by Juncà—a slow and martial movement—both good. A duet between Madame Colson and Brignoli offers some excellent declamation, and some rare orchestral effects—especially under the words, *Presso alla tomba ch'opresi*, and a good melodic climax. The closing amorous strains of the andante are of the same color as the famous love-duet in "William Tell."

A beautiful Tarantella follows, being in the finale to Act II in the original version, in five acts—but with the judicious and numerous cuts in the piece as given here, it is at the end of Act I. The persistent *ictus* of the light-footed delirious Mediterranean terpsichoreanism is a study as rendered by the brilliant composer. To this lively business ensues a chorus of agitated utterances by angry men, depicting their blushes of shame and their terror at the insolent and brutal conduct of their oppressors. This is rounded off by a fine climax, which runs into a moderately timed barcarole, and suddenly there looms over the magnificent scene (and the scenery is superb, worth all the attention given the opera), the rarest piece of mobile machinery—a pleasure-barge of large dimensions, adorned with lamps and filled with men and women. Nothing finer in the mode of scenic illustration could be asked: certainly our Academy rivals any in Europe when it is so liberally adorned. The applause of a large audience present recognized the taste and liberality of the direction in preparing such a banquet for the eye as well as for the ear.

Act II presents a superb aria superbly sung by Ferri. The nicety and originality of the accompaniment—violin details high-up—must especially strike connoisseurs. We ought to be approaching the time when such artistic elaborations cannot be overlooked by a polite audience. For the rest—this air at the first bar reminds the ear of a baritone solo in the conspiracy scene of *The Huguenots*. But operas abound in similari-ies.

We now come to a tenor and baritone duet—Brignoli and Ferri—admirably rendered. The reigning melody is in the overture. The orchestration of this is very finely worked. The next scene, a splendid palace, new also, is a study for the admirers of the scenic art. The costumes here, too, are magnificent. That of Mad. Colson shone with duchess-like superiority. An ensemble piece distinguished for a marked melody of long-held notes admitting of a florid accompaniment of chromatic or half-toned notes, is particularly interesting to connoisseurs. The curtain fell amid applause, and the singers were called before it.

The third act introduces us to a delicious Andante—*Giorno di pianto*, sung by Brignoli. It is of the *cadre* of the Serenade of Schubert. The duet in which this figures, has also a very beautiful minor slow movement, *Arrigo! ah pavi a un core*, sung by Mad. Colson. Both these airs were successes with

the audience. An ecstatic allegro, accompanied by the harp, is next in play, so constructed in its melody that an interjectional response can be thrown into each measure. This was loudly *bisssed*—encored. After a Recitative comes a charming quartet, *Addio mia terra*. This is admirably worked up with free counterpoints. It did not receive the plaudits to which it was entitled. A chorus *De profundis*, highly dramatic, with free counterparts, exclamatory agonies, is an elegant conception. A vigorous stretto for the crowd ensues. Some of the best music of this act was not properly appreciated. But it has intrinsic merit, and will last, and improve the more it is heard.

The music of the Fourth Act includes a beautiful bolero, half minor and half major, beautifully sung by Mad. Colson, and encored by all the house. Likewise a striking trio and ballad-like air.

The opera is altogether an elaborate musical work, and enlarges the fame of the composer. It has been carefully rehearsed and went smoothly. The scenery and properties by Signor Calvo, after the originals at the Academy of Paris, merit every eulogium.

The enterprise and liberality of Messrs. Ullman & Strakosch in preparing so brilliant and interesting a spectacle, drama and opera—for it is all three—will doubtless continue to be rewarded by a rich ovation at the hands of the public.

The audience was choice and numerous, and included the social notabilities and artistic celebrities of the city.

The Proposed Handel College in London.

(From the Musical World.)

The "Handel College," as most of our readers are aware, has for its object the maintenance and education of the orphans of musicians of all classes, who are British, or have been resident in Great Britain. The idea of establishing such an institution first occurred to some charitable individuals, who considered it somewhat extraordinary that every branch of the Fine Arts in this country, except music, was signalized by an asylum, of some kind or other, for the orphans of its members. It has been calculated that there are upwards of 20,000 persons in England, who obtain a livelihood by teaching music. Two-thirds of these, it is estimated, are married and have families. There are hundreds of orphans who are unsuccessful candidates at our different orphan asylums every election, and a large proportion of them are children of musicians. Here we have two powerful causes of pauperism, reasons absolute for street beggary. And yet the reclamation of so much wretchedness may be effected by the lifting of a little finger, for no more is the donation of the mite demanded from the benevolent.

Upwards of one million of persons, it is computed, attend musical performances in London every year. In almost every house in the three kingdoms music is taught, played, or sung. At every festival music is the grand element of success. No great event is suffered to take place without the aid of music. All ceremonies, all religious observances, the march to battle, the return from victory, even the glorification of the Godhead, are all hallowed by musical accompaniments. Music becomes the vehicle of our thanksgiving in happiness, our lamentation in sorrow. It is indeed a portion of the air we breathe, and without it we have no being. Shall, therefore, the thing itself be of such vast account, and its professors of none? Shall we glorify music and despise its teachers?

The object of the foundation of the "Handel College" is manifest. The reasons for the name are not so obvious. Of course the first thought was merely the establishment of an asylum for the orphans of musicians. Then came the consideration of the name. Two reasons were urged for designating the College after the great German composer. It was the centenary year of Handel's death, and Handel in his lifetime, and Handel's works, before and after his death, have effected more in the cause of charity than any dozen composers who ever wrote. What the immortal musician and his compositions did in this way may be shown by a few statistics taken from Schoeher's *Life of Handel*. During his lifetime the sum of £10,299 was contributed to the funds of the Foundling Hospital by the performance of the *Messiah* alone. In 1784, the proceeds of the Handel Commemoration at Westminster Abbey, amounting to £7,000, were given to public charities. Handel himself, on several separate occasions, contributed £1,000 in aid of the funds "For the Sons of the Clergy," by different performances of his works, *Messiah*, *Te Deum*, *Judas Maccabeus*, &c. &c. Need we urge what Handel has achieved for England in a musical point of view. Moreover, time and circumstances challenged the appellation. It was the period of the Great Festival at the Crystal Palace,

and it was only becoming that the year should not be allowed to close without some testimonial to the memory of Handel. Perhaps no fitter monument could be chosen than the projected college. One of the conditions of the gift of the land is, "that the building be worthy of the charity." The plot of ground, which has been given gratuitously, is valued at more than £5,000, and no small sum will be required to carry out the designs of the projectors. Mr. Owen Jones, the eminent architect, who gives his gratuitous services as architect, has submitted to the committee the general and sectional plans of the proposed building; so that the foundation of the "Handel College" is no longer a matter for speculation, but a thing agreed upon, approved of, and commenced at the threshold.

Nothing but the want of the necessary funds now stands in the way of immediate business. The Provisional Committee recommend an instant application to the nobility, gentry, professors, amateurs, and the public in general. They also urge the necessity of corresponding with managers of Musical Societies in London and the Provinces, with the view of giving concerts for the benefit of the Institution. Further the organization of one or more grand musical performances in the Metropolis is dwelt upon as necessary to the inauguration of the scheme. This performance, or these performances, should be on a scale worthy of the occasion, and constituted to add lustre to the memory of the great composer.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 1. — In my last letter, written a couple of weeks ago, mention was made of the debut of a new prima donna, CRESCIMANO. Though the young lady unquestionably possesses a good deal of talent, she had not enough to satisfy our audiences, and so she only sang three times. Last Thursday the management of the opera tried another prima donna, — the Signorina SPERANZA, of whom so much has been said. The poor girl was sick when she sang, and then she imprudently chose *Traviata*, an opera in which we have heard so many tip-top singers. Strakosch thought she had better wait a little longer, but the young lady's father — *prime donne* always have a lot of relatives travelling with them — said that she must sing then. So she sang. She was frightened and husky, and failed — or came so near to it that it was quite the same thing. To be sure, her friends got up considerable applause and sent down bouquets and a pair of doves from the proscenium boxes, but it was no go. Speranza is young, acts with ease and dresses tastefully. Her voice is small and pleasant, but there end her qualifications for a *prima donna*. She has not much execution, and is not, as in the case of Piccolomini, pretty enough to make the public forgive all artistic deficiencies. The house was full of Israelitish dead-heads, and they were most unmerciful to the poor young stranger. She was to be pitied, because had she been in good voice, she would not have so utterly failed.

So ends, most probably, the attempt of Strakosch to convey from the fields of Italy a stock of opera vegetables for American gardens. Indeed, opera singers may be compared to oysters, which require to be transplanted from their native beds to some fresh water stream before they are fit for market. So opera singers must leave their native Italy and pass a few years in London or Paris, before our American audiences will swallow them. Yet I know that there are, notwithstanding, in Italy good singers that have never sung elsewhere. There is a prima donna now about to go to Barcelona in Spain, who is a truly great and perfectly finished artist. Her name is CAROZZI-ZUCCHI. There is a greater baritone than FERRI, and his name is CRESCI; and there is a tenor, LIMBERTI, who could not but succeed here. In Crescimano and Speranza Mr. Strakosch only selected a couple of novices, who in Italy would only have obtained engagements in the smaller towns.

FERRI, the baritone, has proved a card. He is great in action, voice and method, and has already

Allegretto.

f *p* *cres.* *p* *cres.* *f*

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

pp *f* *p* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

sf p sf p sf p sf p p f

p f p

Allegretto.
f

p f p f p

p f p f p

p

Moderato.
f

f mf p

tr. tr. *f* *p* *f* *p*

tr. tr. *cres.* *f* *p*

cres. *f* *p*

mf *p*

Allegro assai. *mf* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

p *f* *p* *cres.*

p *cres.* *f* *mf* *mf*

f *p* *f* *p* *f*

70 Don Giovanni.

musical score for piano accompaniment, featuring various dynamics (cres., f, p, sfz, mfz), trills (tr), and slurs.

appeared in *Ernani*, *Rigoletto* and *Maria di Rohan*. His *Rigoletto* is one of the most remarkable lyric impersonations we have ever witnessed here, and could not be better. In *Maria di Rohan* he is also very great. GAZZANIGA has been engaged for a short time and has sung with poor success in *Poliuto*, and with great success in *Maria*. She also sings on Wednesday in *Favorita* with BEAUCARDE, the tenor, who is then to make his first appearance here.

By the way, you must know that Beaucarde has a wife, and he has brought her to this country on speculation. Of course he don't mean to sell her, but she has come without any special engagement, albeit she is a somewhat noted prima donna. She is an Englishwoman, not an infant in years or stage experience. Her name—at least, the name under which she sings—is ALBERTINI, which sounds very much like an Italianized English cognomen, and she has for some time held a high rank in Italy. She also sang in 1856 in London with success, though a *tremolo* in her voice was complained of.

Well, Strakosch didn't engage her abroad, but she came with her husband, and now when the sudden failure of the new singers leaves a vacancy, she is just what the management wants, and has been engaged to take Gazzaniga's place. She will appear soon in *Trovatore* with her husband, for whom the role of *Mauricio* was written. Next Monday the long promised "Sicilian Vespers" will be produced, with a chorus of eighty, an enlarged orchestra, and with COLSON, BRIGNOLI, FERRI and JUNCA in the cast. The management depend upon this for the salvation of their season. Upon this cast, their die is cast, and if it don't succeed they will be cast down to die.

From Havana, news came that Maretzek had arrived out safely with his company and would soon open the Tacon theatre. It is probable that after the Italian season the whole company, including CORTESE (who has been there before) and ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, will proceed to Mexico.

The "Mendelssohn Union" of this city is about to produce "Elijah"; the Philharmonic rehearsals proceed satisfactorily. There have been a few concerts given here lately by local talent, but nothing worthy of special notice. TROVATOR.

BERLIN, OCT. 1.—As a compensation for the only opera that now exists in Berlin, namely the Royal Opera, which was compelled by want of patronage to anticipate the usual summer intermission by a month, we have had performances by the Königsberg opera company, under Woltersdorf's direction, on the little stage of Kroll's establishment. The public have had a chance to enjoy many light comic operas which long since disappeared from the stage at the Royal Opera. Also the "Marrage of Figaro" was given. Of course no cultivated ear would judge it here by the true measure of the work, which demands all the appliances of the Royal stage. Yet the performers gave themselves up *con amore* to the master-work; the quite excellent orchestra exerted itself to lend support to the voices, and the single rôles were on the whole given freshly and euphoniously. Herr BARTSCH has good materials, not yet fairly brought in play; BUEGER's form and voice (in *Figaro*) contrast too heavily with the humorous side of the part.

Frau HOLZTAMM-SCHULZ, formerly a very favorite member of the Friedrich-Wilhelm-stadt Theatre here, appeared as a "guest" in Gumbert's musical farce: "The art to become loved," and in "Good morning, Herr Fischer," and showed that she still retains all those peculiarities by which she then enchanted the public. The beauty of her voice and her fine humorous acting caused her to be applauded and called out after every act. The pieces most admired by our public were "The Miller of Meran" and *Il Matrimonio segreto*. The former, of which the music is by Flotow, had formerly failed in Vienna,

under the name of "Albin," owing, it is said, to the poor text by our otherwise highly gifted and esteemed poet, Mosenthal, author of the famous domestic drama of "Deborah." Mosenthal's text was not good before, and Tietz's improvements have not much bettered it. As regards the music, one is always sure of hearing often in an opera of Flotow at least a lovely melody, a pretty turn, or a lingering chord ringing out from the mass. Cimarosa's "Secret Marriage" was each time the signal for a numerous and most appreciative audience. The old Italian school, from which Mozart drew the art of fusing life and character with the sweetest charm of melody, appears not only in the most graceful forms, but also observes often a truly classical symmetry in the distribution of the matter, a varied richness of ensemble, and frequently a sound and thorough carriage of the voices and progression of the harmony, with which the present superficial and degenerate Italian school has scarcely anything in common. One is still struck and surprised by the hearty resemblance of the Mozartean muse with these resembling prototypes. In listening to Cimarosa's opera you seem to find yourself in the *Figaro*, the *Don Juan*, or the *Così fan tutte* of Mozart; particularly often do "Zerlina" and "Susanna" seem to wink at us, and it costs us a continual effort not to charge Cimarosa every few minutes with thefts from Mozart's melodies, and to remind ourselves that Cimarosa lived some years before Mozart. [?] In the execution there was much which might have been more finely and more thoughtfully worked out; piquant instrumental passages did not tell sufficiently, nor were the voices always adequate. Still, for such second-rate forces, the execution may be called a very brave and exact one, and one that sufficed in general to convey a right impression of the glorious composition. What disturbs one most about it is an unavoidable lot of obsolete, stale "gallery" jokes, which need to be refined and modified for present tastes. But how can we expect this of such performers, so long as they have the worst example set them at the Royal Opera!

The Court Theatre opened its season, after three introductory Ballet performances and the but sparsely attended opera of Lortzing, the "Czar and Carpenter," on the 9th of August with Auber's *Masaniello*, and the tenore STEGER, from Vienna. The popularity of this opera, as well as the high reputation of Steger, drew together a very numerous public, in spite of the tropical heat. In all the heroic, impassioned moments, this heroic tenor, with his good advantages of voice and figure, did admirably; the lyrical parts were less successful. His Slavonic dialect and his frequent *tremolo* disturbed the impression. The oppressive heat dragged down the intonation of the other singers. Nor did Steger give very particularly artistic satisfaction in Rossini's "Tell." Every thing was pushed to abrupt contrasts. After a languishing *pianissimo*, an animal cry of the French school would "follow hard upon." Such uncouthnesses are found in most tenors of the present day, if not with such excessive confidence in their own physical strength, as Steger has. He reminded us sometimes of the voice of Stentor, or of the wounded Mars. The stunning impression of certain sounds of nature in the tropical zone no longer seems to us incredible. But of the art of manifesting in beautiful form what is tenderest and deepest in the inner life, we have evidences only in rare moments. For this reason Steger's reception was particularly cool in Donizetti's *Lucia*, an opera so grateful to the singer; he was far behind his predecessors in this part. Altogether this performance was one of the weakest; the chorus throughout lacked precision and energy.

* Our correspondent must be mistaken here. Cimarosa was born only two years before Mozart and outlived him at least ten years. *Figaro* and *Don Juan* were composed in 1787; *Il Matrimonio Segreto* in 1791—as nearly as we can learn,—Ed.

On the other hand, a new tenor, WORWORSKY, from Stettin, met with a very favorable reception. In the first act his fresh and musical voice won all hearts. In the poverty of our times in tenors,—one singer being unable to go high enough, a second lacking strength, a third euphoniousness—not to speak of those who have prematurely wasted splendid material by shameful misuse—mere tone in itself, especially in the higher register, must needs win the public. This man's technical method is in general sound, although still rather learner-like and feeble. His acting is animated and clever. After this success he was permanently engaged. Fräulein WIRPERN, as Alice, achieved the finest triumphs through the sweet and delicate sound of her voice, and through her partly graceful partly fiery impersonation. The scene at the cross, especially, she gave with a sure understanding. She still lacks the accents of the great dramatic style, which to be sure are not so indispensable in this rôle; yet we missed the necessary growing to a climax; and in the last scene you feel the need of a higher degree of energy, of stronger accent and a more impassioned rhythm. Fräulein POLLUK, though a right brave artist, is hardly equal to such parts as Isabella. Herr FRICKE is more happy in parts like Sarastro, than in Bertram; for characteristic song lies less in his nature, than that which is lyrical and quiet. In spite of the powerful effect of his fine voice, he lacked the diabolical coloring and elasticity.

The performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, to a house full to overflowing, offered much that was attractive and successful; Wovorsky as Gennaro, Fräulein de Ahna as Orsini. Frau WAGNER-JACHMANN (Johanna Wagner), welcomed with a tempest of applause and with wreaths, showed her remarkable dramatic talent already in the charming opening aria, as well as her fine feeling. She avoided tones too high for her, so that her invigorated organ developed itself in unclouded beauty. It is known with what grace Frau Wagner, equalled by few in the representation of great passions, can give expression also to the tenderer emotions. So too as Lucrezia, she knows how to enchain us by traits of delicacy, and thereby ennobles the character of the poison-mixing intriguer. In her hands it has always a certain German inwardness and intellectuality, which if not peculiarly correct, is grateful to a German audience. Fr. de Ahna made her first theatrical effort as Orsini, and gave rare pleasure by a voice particularly agreeable in the upper register, and well developed, and also by the evenness and certainty and noble style of her delivery. While her action had too little of repose, her singing needs to become still more animated; and she needs particularly more distinctness of enunciation.

In Auber's "Mason and Locksmith" Fr. FERLESI made her debut as Irma. The handsome young girl came on very bashfully; in her voice you perceived euphony and freshness, but it requires very assiduous study in the higher notes. Her acting was not without cleverness. Another debutante, Fr. HAHLTRUDER, possesses an agreeable voice; her action is still undeveloped.

Mozart's immortal *Don Juan* filled the opera house to the last seat. Frau KOESTER, after a congé of several months, appeared as Donna Anna and gave the entire rôle with noble feeling and characteristic delineation. Frau HERKENBURG-TUCZEK, after long illness and consequent refraining from exertion, appeared as Zerlina. The favorite artist kindled a new enthusiasm in this rôle, which may be considered one of her most brilliant, partly as it regards grace, loveliness and freshness, and partly for the wonderful firmness of her unchanged, youthful voice. ff.

KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC.—Daly, at a rehearsal in the Dublin Theatre, observing the persons who played the two French horns occasionally leaving off, and conceiving it proceeded from inattention, hastened to the front of the stage, close to the orchestra, and addressing them with much warmth, said, "Gentlemen horn-players, why don't you play on, as the others do? What do you mean by stopping?" "Sir," replied one of them, "we have twenty bars rest." "Rest!" said Daly, "what do you mean by rest? I can get none in this theatre, and you shan't."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 12, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. — Continuation of the Opera, *Don Giovanni*, as arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Richard Wagner.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

The central and most characteristic thought of Wagner, that on which the whole coming superstructure of his "Music of the Future" is to rest, is his denial of the absolute validity of Music in itself, or music *pure*, without words, and his subordination of Music to Poetry, which latter he conceives to be the masculine or generative principle, without which Music only wastes itself in fruitless yearnings and strivings to produce living Art. We have pointed out what seems to us the fallacy of this idea. But let the reformer explain himself still further. Let us survey his method more in detail.

The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words; *Seid umschlungen, Millionen*, &c. ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music, that all its harmonies should pivot as it were upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the Dominant and Sub-dominant, Relative Major or Minor, and so forth; and that, however excursive or centrifugal the movement everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys; these are to the musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feelings by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground-relationship of all the keys of feeling. Thus Wagner makes a formal declaration of independence against the patriarchal regime: "All keys are equal, and essentially related; the privileges of tone-families are abolished." In his *Lohengrin* he has practiced accordingly. All who have heard

that opera, admit that "he has fully succeeded in abolishing all individuality of keys:—F sharp minor sounds like G minor, and G minor like C sharp minor; he carries you from D major to G major, through A flat minor; the mixture of the tri-chords of B flat, G flat and A is a very common modulation with him; in short he actually allows us to hear nothing but the monotonous "ground relationship of all the keys."

A striving towards a similar result is truly said to characterize the music of our time. Composers like Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Robert Franz seem to chafe against the limits of our diatonic scale and the modulation it prescribes; they blend the different keys together, as if to make out one more rich and universal. But Wagner was the first to raise this to a principle. Having to bridge his way so often in the shortest manner from one to another of all twenty-four keys, he naturally has recourse to perpetual employment of the chord of the *diminished seventh*, which is the transitional element *par excellence* in harmony, binding the most heterogeneous keys together. *Lohengrin* is full of Diminished Sevenths, accompanying the recitative; indeed, it is said there is a scene in it, occupying sixteen pages in the piano-forte arrangement, where you hear absolutely nothing but diminished sevenths. It must be like tossing on the restless sea of harmony without course or compass.

We have seen that the great peculiarity in Wagner's manner of constructing an opera, springs from his theory that the word-verse or poetry always implies and suggests a melody of its own; that the vocal melody therefore must strictly conform itself to the words, without rounding itself off into the usual melodic forms, repeats, &c., and, as to modulation, with an entire independence of any prevailing key-note, but floating freely and vaguely as it were in a universal key. Hence the most striking feature is the substitution of perpetual Recitative for regular forms of melody.

But the verse implies likewise the harmony, in Wagner's theory. It exists, however, in the thought, the conception only, of the poet; it is the musician's task to make it palatable to sense. Here comes in the first use of the Orchestra, the infinitely expressive organ of harmony.

Other symphonic aids, as the usual vocal masses, in the shape of *ensembles*, concerted pieces, &c., are almost abolished in the "Drama of the Future." Wagner will have no room in his drama for any individuals of so subordinate a relation to the whole, that they may be used for mere polyphonic musical effect, in enriching and harmonizing the melody of the principal person. *Lohengrin* has no such *ensembles*; and if sometimes all the principal characters sing at once, it is only where some general excitement pervades all the actors in the scene, in which case the principals merge their individuality into the general chorus.

The chorus, too, as *hitherto understood*, must disappear. Wagner thinks the chorus can have no vital and convincing effect in the drama, unless it parts with its promiscuous *mass* character, and resolves itself into distinct and characteristic individualities, each in its own way complicated in the motives and action of the piece. In *Lohengrin* the secondary characters are exceedingly numerous; but the chorus never enters without a necessity, and then becomes intimately part and parcel of the action. Gratuitous parade of chorus is strictly avoided; it nowhere spreads itself

out *en masse*, but always appears as a union of distinct individuals. This has led Wagner to compose his choruses with peculiar richness. Most of them he treats as double choruses, and seldom writes them for less than six voices, each with its own characteristic movement. By novel combinations of voices, too, (such as making the first tenor sing *false alto* in union with the alto; and among other things by the introduction of a chorus of *four basses*,) he is said to have brought out a harmonious coloring such as has been only possible to the most refined orchestral compositions.

Having thus far provided for a vivid musical translation to the senses of the audience of what the poet has expressed in words, it next remains to the musician to convey what to the poet was *inexpressible*, what may be supposed to be going on *inwardly* in the thoughts and feeling of the actors. Here again, as the great organ of utterance for the *unspeakable*, comes in the Orchestra, —the orchestra in all its modern development, as used by Berlioz. So far the orchestra has simply sounded the harmony that was *immanent* in the rhythm of the verse; now it quits this subordinate function to move in its native domain of pure instrumental music. Is this inconsistent with his first postulate, on which we have before seen that he bases his entire reform: namely, that music alone, without poetry, is incompetent to any positive artistic creation? Observe, he is careful here to state, that by a *pure* he does not mean an *absolute*, self-satisfying instrumental music, but one which proceeds from the poet's design and helps, purely out of its own resources, to realize that.

Now the first of these *inexpressible* things, so far as the poet is concerned, is *gesture*. Wagner says: "The musician has the power, by means of the orchestra, of communicating this gesture to the sense of hearing, as it announces itself to the eye." But he means, not the gestures of an individual, but "the many-voiced gesture, so to say, which springs out of the characteristic relation of many individuals, and so rises to the highest pitch of complexity and variety." So too, all the moods and excitements, solemn or mirthful, that pervade an assemblage, can be expressed in the music; and even the physiognomy of all the natural surroundings may be sketched in a sort of *tone-painting*, which, however ludicrous in pure instrumental music, serves a legitimate purpose in the drama.

The orchestra does not content itself with this. It also "betrays to us all the thoughts concealed in the most secret folds of the heart of the acting persons, and lays bare their inmost springs of action." Let an example show how the musician is to *motivate* actions, or supply them with motives.

Every one who has heard Weber's *Freyschütz*, remembers the scene in the "Wolf's Glen," and how when Max has long wavered and debated whether to descend into the magic ring or not, the orchestra suddenly touches the melody of the jesting chorus out of the first act, whereupon Max with swift resolve, determines to brave all terror and springs in. Here the determining motive with Max is the recollection of the raillery he has before experienced; and it is the orchestra which indicates the motive with a few notes, where the poet had no other means at his command. Wagner employs this principle of reminiscence, in the orchestra, also purely for the au-

dience's sake, and where the reminiscence is not supposed to arise in the mind of the acting person.

Equally prominent among his means of expression is the element of expectation, presentiment, foreboding,—what the Germans call *Ahnung*. He requires the poet to keep the hearer's anticipation on the stretch for something marvellous and extraordinary. Here again no language is so powerful as that of instrumental music. "The orchestra has to express our anticipations (*Ahnungen*) in passages of the drama, where action and gesticulation are at rest and the melodic speech of the actor is entirely silent,—where the drama is preparing itself out of as yet unexpressed and inward moods and feelings." Especially in the overture, the preludes to the several acts and scenes, and before particularly striking events and appearances;—then "the actual appearance steps in before us as the *justified presentiment*."

These melodies of anticipation and of reminiscence, re-occurring here and there as musical motives in the different scenes, form points of support and resting places in the uninterrupted course of the drama. A critic, from whom we have borrowed many hints, likens them to little barks in which we steer securely through the ever-flowing waves of harmony. They also lend organic unity to the musical form of a drama, which otherwise in its abundance of recitative, and unbounded liberty of modulation, must seem very rambling and indefinite.

Fifth Afternoon Concert.

The programme of Wednesday was more interesting than the last, and nearly up to the high tone in which the concerts commenced. Verily it is a pleasant thing that one can make it his "custom of an afternoon" to drop into the Music Hall and hear an inspiring Symphony, as easily as he would smoke his cigar after dinner. The very large audience, and very attentive too, seemed to be of this way of thinking. A good thing, persevered in, is after all more sure of its public, than any timid appeals to an assumed low level of general taste. Nothing can be more insane than for the getters up of entertainments of a high artistic order, to become frightened out of the experiment by one or two small audiences. Apart from the intrinsic attraction of anything, there are always habits and engagements formed by old and young in this busy whirl of life, which it must take some little time for any new appeal to overcome. One must call not only once, but twice, thrice, seven times, if he would be heard in this Babel. The first few concerts had but moderate audiences; but by repeating the experiment, still adhering to good programmes, the general mind seems to have got at last preoccupied with the existence of such fine opportunities; and henceforth, doubtless we shall see the great hall thronged.—The dishes served up to us on Wednesday were as follows:

1. Symphony. No. 1.....Beethoven.
2. Waltz. Cycloiden. (First time.).....Strauss.
3. Overture. Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.
4. Champagne Polka. (First time.).....Strauss.
5. Fackel Tanz.....Flotow.
6. Trio. From Attila. For Corno Inglese, Clarinet and Fagotto.....Verdi.
By Messrs. Schultz, De Ribas and Honstock.
7. Grand Militaire Galop.....Chas. Voss.

Beethoven's earliest Symphony, if it is less large, less Beethovenish and nearer to Mozart and Haydn, than his other Symphonies, is at least far more interesting, and more surprising, every

time you hear it, than that "Surprise" Symphony by Haydn. It is the product of a deeply poetic nature in the freshness of its youth. How full of beauty, and of delicacy, and of sparkling life and fancy it all is! To hear it is to experience the real living joy of Art; it can never sink into the category of respectable, tame elegance. Beethoven never wears a wig. The Symphony was nicely played.

Another first introduction of a brilliant Strauss waltz: in point of luscious and vivacious instrumentation perhaps the most brilliant of them yet. It certainly is a good orchestra that can so felicitously render tone-colors blended with such rare and exquisite conceit. Mendelssohn's fairy overture had at one time begun to pall upon the sense from too much repetition; but it came up again this time as good as new, and we hope everybody dreamed the old dream over again with as much delight as we did.

The next Afternoon Concert is postponed to Nov. 22, in consequence of the Music Hall being occupied next week by the Fair for the Washington Statue—THOMAS BALL's noble equestrian statue, which of course we all desire to see placed in bronze on Boston Common.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MR. WILLIAM KEYZER's farewell benefit concert takes place at the Tremont Temple this evening. We trust that all the real music-lovers, and particularly all who remember the good times we had in hearing Symphonies in the old "Academy" concerts, will make it a point to be present. There is plenty of musical fire yet in the old man, and the feast he spreads for us will be as classical as one can wish. He has abundant and excellent assistance. Seven of our best players of viols accompany the veteran in two of Spohr's Double Quartets; and with Messrs. SCHULTZE, MEISEL and FRIES he will play also the first violin *obligato* in a Quartet by Rode. Mrs. HARWOOD will lend her bright voice in Mozart's *Dove sono*, and a dramatic melody, not before heard here, by Rossini. Miss ABBY FAY will sing a Largo by Donizetti, the Venezano waltz, and Sig. Bendelari's "Echo Song," the composer accompanying. CARL HAUSE, the pianist, will play a Capriccio of his own; and a very attractive feature will be that Angel Trio from "Elijah," sung by the three sweet-voiced lads from the Church of the Advent. . . . The SCHILLER FESTIVAL is occupying an enthusiastic crowd, overflowing the Music Hall, while our paper is in press.

CARL ZERRAHN's subscription list for Four Philharmonic (Orchestral) Concerts fills up rapidly; but there is yet room for more names; let no one who knows how hard it is to go without Symphonies and Overtures, delay putting down his name. . . . The same to the lovers of Classical Chamber Music. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB have their lists circulating for their *eleventh* season of Eight Concerts.

Signor LUIGI STEFFANONI, who offers his services (see Card) as teacher of singing, is a brother of the admired prima donna, Signora Steffanoni, and comes to us warmly recommended by competent persons from Baltimore, where he has exceeded the expectations of all his pupils. He is from one of the best schools in Italy, and a good accompanist withal; and he also brings a recommendation in his face and gentlemanly bearing. There certainly is room—nay real need—for another teacher in Boston; and we trust Sig. S. will find encouragement, and in some degree make good the loss of poor Corelli.

We learn that we may expect a visit to our city soon from Madame ABEL, a very accomplished clas-

sical pianiste, who has won the approbation of the best musicians and lovers of music in New York. There is reason to hope that she will play in the first concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, which is now appointed for Tuesday evening, Nov. 22.

"A second Jenny Lind" is always the cry as soon as a new songstress appears in the north. Mlle. ROESKE is the name of the one now boasted of by the Swedish dilettanti, unless the boast is all in the *Gazette Musicale's* imagination. . . . New York papers itemize the arrival of a new American opera, founded upon Longfellow's "Miles Standish," which will soon be produced in that city. The music is ascribed to Mr. KIEBLOCK (of Boston?) and the libretto to Mr. C. T. CONGDON, the writer of "sensation" leaders in the *Tribune*. . . . The lectures in the Plymouth course, in Brooklyn, N. Y. (Henry Ward Beecher's church) this winter, are to commence each with an hour of orchestral music; and a piece of music also will succeed the lecture. With programmes well selected this may do great good.

M. JULLIEN has been released from his pecuniary embarrassments in Paris. He attributes his ruin to the "scorpions" of the legal profession in London, and to certain music speculators who have fattened on his former success. During the twenty years that Jullien reigned monarch of the famed popular concerts, he acknowledges to have received the enormous sum of £200,000. He has lately refused offers to return to London to preside over entertainments of a similar character, and is now busily engaged in writing "His Life and Times among the English."

MADAME GRISI'S RECEPTION AT MADRID.—A Madrid letter in the *Independence Belge* says: "Fifty or sixty persons, hired for the purpose, and placed in little groups in the upper galleries, have renewed in a most scandalous manner, during a second representation of 'Norma,' the scenes which occurred in the first representation. There is no longer murmurs and whisperings, but groans and noises of all kinds, which completely drowned the voices of Madame Grisi and Mario. The uproar was at its height at the commencement of the duet in the second act. Potatoes were thrown from the upper galleries, falling at the feet of Madame Grisi and rebounding in the pit. The public in the boxes and other parts of the house rose indignantly to protest against such an outrage, but Madame Grisi withdrew, her face bathed in tears. Mario attempted for some seconds to brave the storm, but was obliged to leave the stage. One of the employees of the theatre came forward to announce that the performance would not be continued, Madame Grisi having fainted away, overcome with emotion. The authorities were quite impassive."

In Baltimore, the "Beethoven Society," composed of Messrs. SCHEIDLER, MAHR, JUNGnickel and THIEDE, have given their first concert. They played Quartets by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, the "Tell" duet by Osborn and De Beriot, a Capriccio by Kummer, and a Trio by Vollweiler.

The New Orleans Picayune says:

Our Classic Music Society is preparing for another season of six concerts, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

We attended the monthly concert of the "Thalia Club," the other evening, at their rooms in the University building, in Common Street. It was excellent in all respects. Rossini, Bellini, Beethoven, Berlioz and other composers of eminence furnished the music for the occasion, which the gentlemen of the club executed very artistically. This association is under the presidency of Mr. Schmidt, and Theodore Von La Hache is the musical conductor. It is an excellent institution. The "Thalia" is rehearsing the "Bell" of Schiller, music by Romberg, for the approaching hundredth birthday celebration of the great German poet.

The Schiller enthusiasm of the Germans extends even to the island of Cuba. A friend sends us the following extract from a letter from a German in Havana:

The Germans are going to celebrate Schiller's birthday on the 10th of November. The late Austrian Consul, Mr. B., has offered his house for the festivities, and has been entrusted with the principal management of affairs. According to what I have heard of the arrangements, they must be splendid. It is proposed to declaim the "Camp of Wallenstein," and to sing part of the "Song of the Bell," to be illustrated by tableaux vivants. The festivities will be opened by the Overture

to *Tannhäuser*; then a speech will be made, to unveil the bust of Schiller, which has been sent from New York; afterwards said declamations will be given, and the whole will conclude with a grand ball. There is a great demand for tickets, although the price of them is very high, being half a doubloon.

MUSIC AS A MEDICINE.—Eugene de Mircourt, in his lively little biography of Felicien David, the composer whose recent work, "*Herculanum*," was so successful at the Paris opera, tells that when in the East, David cured a man, sick with the fever, by his pianoforte performances. The sick man at the sound of the instrument felt his fever leave him, and when it threatened to renew its attacks David would chase it away by a few preludes. In a week the man was well. This was not unlike the genuine original David playing before Saul.

This fact is worth receiving the attention of the faculty. To treat people by music would be an excellent method of introducing harmony into the conflicting medical systems.

A dyspeptic affection would probably be cured by three days of the cornet-a-piston. Nothing has yet been advanced to prove that neuralgia could resist an hour of violoncello, and an attack of cholera, however violent, would not stand more than twenty minutes of opheleide. Half an hour of bassoon would drive away the headache, while deafness could be effectually cured by the united efforts of these instruments in one of Verdi's finales.

MILWAUKEE IN FLAMES.—It is to the West that we must look for musical criticism. "Westward the Star of Opera takes its way." In Milwaukee, Mr. Sobolewski has produced an original opera, called *Mohega*. An editor of one of the papers there says:

"It is comparatively easy for a composer to write an opera of disjointed songs and melodies, each of which is itself complete, but it requires no little amount of genius and careful study to blend the stormy, heroic, tender, passionate and lovely, so as to form a beautifully artistic and harmonious whole. In '*Mohega*,' every whisper of love, every clang of the instruments in warlike clamor, every soft breath from the delicious flute, every low dream-like murmur of the enchanted violins, have their part in the beautiful story the music is telling. Where there is pathos, the music is pathetic, where valor, the music is heroic, so that it is impossible to mistake the nature of any sentiment portrayed."

How remarkable! It must be a pleasure to visit the Milwaukee Opera House, where one will never hear the horrid cry, "Book s'f th' Op'ra! 'N English, 'n 'talian;" for of course if it is "impossible to mistake the nature of any sentiment portrayed" a libretto will be a useless thing. Though we cannot hear *Mohega*, we may gain a most vivid idea of it from the following passage:

"The first scene represents the devout worshippers of the olden time, assembled for divine service in a rustic cl. Here the music is soft and spiritual, like the swelling æolian harp amid rustling branches. Then comes the clangor of war; the wild war-whoop of Indians, and the pitiful dismay of tender women; then the victorious voices of conquerors; and by-and-by the gentle dreams of dawning love, the sounds of revelry, acts of chivalry, and deeds of valor. Self-renunciation, the sweetest and most praiseworthy of virtues, we find in the artless *Mohega*; in *Elbra*, the lofty and religious; in *Piquod* the majestic dignity of his nation; in *Pulawski* the refinement and chivalry of his country."

The "wild war-whoop of Indians, and the pitiful dismay of tender women" is good. Well may the Milwaukee critic say of such an opera: "It is like old wine, and will richen with time."—*Courier*.

Music Abroad.

Berlin.

The musical campaign has not yet been opened here, but everything is in readiness for that all important event. The venerable Grell, after having had a considerable amount of drilling with raw and more ripened material, opens fire on the 17th inst., at the Sing-Akademie, with Handel's *Messiah*. To judge from the "precision most precise" with which the choruses "go" now, there is every prospect of a good rendering of that old, yet ever new, *chef d'œuvre* of the most vocal of composers. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* is the second, and a new Oratorio by the sub-director of the academy (Herr Blumner) is the third work, which it is the intention of that noble institution to produce this season. I shall have much to say of the last-named work in a future epistle, and shall dismiss it now by giving you the opinion thereupon, which a first-rate judge expressed to me, laconically, 'tis true, but forcibly,—"Es is ein ausgezeichnetes Werk." Sterne is every day improving and extending his excellent *Verein*, and will certainly pluck the laurel from his senior brother's brow if the powers that be adopt any other motto than that they already have—"Forward!" There is a little rivalry between the two societies, harmonious though they professedly be and in so far as it keeps alive the spirit of advance-ment, research, and diligence, a little of it, despite what Mr. Pope does not say, is not a dangerous thing.

Herr Radecke has issued his programme, which gives assurance of the most decided excellence in the choice of artists, as well as in the quality of works to be performed. Stars of lesser magnitude begin to appear at various points in the musical firmament, full accounts of which Mr. Hind will, no doubt, have

sent you long ago. The Royal Opera is already in full play, and we were last week captivated with Köster's delineation of Beethoven's only dramatic character—Fidelio. By the only dramatic character, we mean the only one visible to the eye of flesh; for who that is not morally as well as physically blind, has not seen and felt the drama that lies in his and in all other true music? Wagner, (no longer Johanna, but Johanna Jachman), last night, did her very best with her great rôle in Taubert's *Macbeth*. The opera fell somewhat flatly, however, notwithstanding its many great beauties. The public seem tired of having our Shakspeare's immortal master-pieces mutilated. Professor Marz has expressed himself strongly against such unwarrantable vandalism, in a letter to a local paper. A posthumous work of the late Professor Dehn has just appeared. It treats of counterpoint and fugue, and will be valuable to all teachers of the art divine, as it contains a number of valuable examples from old and hard-to-be-met-with masters. —*Corr. of London Musical World*.

London.

Mr. Smith is utilizing his Italian Opera Company by giving three nights of performance, with Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Belart and Aldighieri, at Drury Lane Theatre this week.

Dr. Wyld announced his cheap "Messiah" at the *St. James Hall* on Monday last, having got the start of Mr. Hullah, who does not commence his concerts till the 18th of next month. What a power is there in this work! There is no taking up a week's file of our provincial papers without finding it advertised. It might be averred without exaggeration, that not a week of the year passes without its being performed in some part of England or other. No analogous "run" has ever existed in the annals of music,—a "run" which Time seems to increase, not to slacken.

A prospectus is abroad, the object of which is to do honor to Mr. Cipriani Potter, on his retirement from the Presidency of the *Royal Academy of Music*, by founding a scholarship there, which is to bear his name.—There is not, we believe, a more honorable man in the profession than Mr. Potter. He is a skilled musician; and, as a composer, as we have more than once said, he is more excellent by many a bar than many of the more inflated aspirants of modern days. A testimonial is the due of such a Professor. It is a pleasure to help it; but if regard for private worth is to take the form of crutching-up an establishment which has no real existence, the lovers of musical education and progress in England may be allowed to express a wish that some other and more durable form might be chosen; since the Academy, being no school, so much as an establishment depending on a charter, and a small amount of aristocratic patronage, turning out no pupils—cannot live in its present state.—*Athenæum*, Oct. 15.

Germany.

A correspondent of the *Times* states that a French opera is about to be established in Berlin. Other journals announce relintings of Austria in the case of foreign opera, and declare that Signor Salvi has been privileged to open any theatre he pleases with Italian performances. The one winter novelty all Germany over will be "*Dinorah*."

"The Church," which ebbs and flows in the matter of musical severity as belonging to its ritual, has been just seized with one of its restrictive moods in Vienna. Foreign journals state that a reform is to take place there in the solemnization of the Mass, from which instruments (save the organ) are to be forthwith excluded. If this be more than a passing spasm, the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel are virtually abolished by such edict.—Those interested in this subject may be referred to a late *feuilleton*, by M. d'Ortigue, in *Le Journal des Débats*, which is full of sagacious remark, touching especially on the strange transposition of styles in Music. It is noticeable, as the writer observes, that while every endeavor is now made to lighten, vary and secularize modern service-music books expressly composed for the rite,—composers who present devotion scenically, otherwise as taking part in scenes of stage emotion, produce that which is so solid and severe as to befit the gravest days of Church composition. This is borne out by instances cited from "*Herculanum*," "*Faust*," (in which the organ symphony is of the highest quality), and "*Lé Pardon*," from which opera by M. Meyerbeer "*The Church*" has been very glad to transplant the chant of pilgrimage into its less profane choir-books. There is something in such a measure savoring of expediency at variance with good taste and true reverence; even if it be urged that as Opera began in religious houses, religious houses are justified in furnishing themselves from the stores of Opera whenever it shall suit them so to do. —*Athenæum*.

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Mortals, trust this wondrous mercy. *J. S. Bach.* 30
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Three more of these gems, selected and arranged by Robert Franz. They are written for an alto voice.

The manger of Bethlehem. (*La crèche de Bethlehem*.) Chorus for female voices. *J. Concone.* 35

Adapted by the celebrated singing teacher for the use of classes in female academies, high schools, &c.

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Still another musical setting of Tennyson's stirring song, the other versions, by Linley and Blockley, having been published some weeks ago.

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Celebrated Russian air, well known through a host of transcriptions for the piano, among which Thalberg's and De Meyer's stand prominent. It is a quaint but beautiful melody in the minor mode. German words are added.

Rock of Ages. Solo, Duet, and Quartet. *Daum.* 25

Excellent for the use of choirs as an opening hymn. It has been sung in various churches in this city and has found many admirers. An organ accompaniment is added.

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A cantabile movement with Polacca attached, the former flowing and melodious, the latter graceful and striking. Of medium difficulty.

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The celebrated Serenade in a pleasing arrangement.

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Darling Nellie Gray Polka. " " 15

Three new numbers of that favorite set for young beginners, called "*Chit-chat*."

Sonata, opus 33, in D, for four hands. *Diabelli.* 60

The first of those Sonatas for two performers by Diabelli, to whose unapproachable excellence and usefulness the best teachers have testified. The others of the series will follow soon. As the Foreign Edition is printed in the old-fashioned, oblong shape, and moreover from worn out plates, it is thought that this first American edition, which is got up very handsomely, will be welcomed.

Scherzo Valse. *A. Gunther.* 25

Cornelia Waltz. *C. J. Wickersham.* 25

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Four very pretty waltzes of moderate difficulty.

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